TV Shows > Once Upon a Time

Young and Beautiful
by: JustADreamFor5k
Love, the embodiment of light. It explains why Felix's heart still glows, while Pan's doesn't. He's dangerous and manipulative, but he's weak for an angel whose dying face haunts him. A punishment inflicted for reasons he himself can't understand. Running away in purgatory is laughable, but Peter tries. Only. Felix would always follow him. The bad boy, and the young beautiful Pan.
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Young & Beautiful

Will you still love me when I'm no longer young and beautiful

Will you still love me when I got nothing but my aching soul

I know you will, I know you will

I know that you will

"No we NO!" Felix choked, gasping as Pan pulled out his heart, fingers clasping tightly around the well as he felt the pain burn through his veins like wildfire. His mind spun, and his eyes watered as he gasped through the haze of torture, chest heaving and empty as Pan held out the most precious embodiment of himself. He could feel his knees giving way, see Pan's smirking face through the haze.

And for all the good grace in the world, Felix felt the betrayal sting him down to the very core, sharp and persistent even though it was out of his chest, in the hands of the person he trusted and believed in most. Words couldn't go past his lips, and his thoughts were scrambled and wild as he tried to grasp onto the last fringes of reality before his heart was crushed to smithereens. Shame was tearing through him as Pan stared at his heart, eyes glazing over. Death, Felix was never afraid of. But this, this was worse than any fear Felix could ever have.

It was his worst nightmare.

Felix's heart wasn't dark. It glowed and Peter shook from the thought of carrying something so *pure, so fragile* in his hands. Oh he could just crush it and he *should*. The curse was waiting for it, for the heart of the one he loved most. Just that thought sent Peter's bottom lip curling, and his right hand tightened around the heart resolutely to smash it when he made one *fatal*, grave mistake.

He glanced at Felix.

The blonde had tears running down his face, and Peter knew it wasn't from pain. Felix had never cried on the island, never flinched from scars or fear in all the centuries Peter had known him. But he was sobbing, long legs useless as he clutched at where his chest was, fringe falling over his face as though that would prevent Peter from seeing his tear stained face. Peter hated it.

"Stop it!"

"If you're going to crush it," Felix's words sliced apart Peter's sardonic tongue, the latter jerking in surprise, having never been spoken to so harshly before, "***don't look at it***."

Look at it? Peter's mouth almost fell open, ready to scorn and belittle, a tiny part of him disagroving of that rebellious behaviour when he stopped. And realised that he, the King of Neverland who had the darkest heart (like father like son) for all his misdeeds and cruelty, was currently holding his second in command's heart, which was going with *light*. He stared down at the heart, and he thought the heart closer to his face, marvelling at the ember red glow, crystal fire veins running across it. Cupping it properly, he brought it to his curious eyes, ready to read everything that the heart could possibly offer.

"Peter, ***don't***."

"And when have I ever listened?" Comes the snappy reply and Felix shakes his head, eyes blurry with tears as he scrambled for words. But he couldn't stop him, he couldn't. And Felix could only watch as his heart burned with golden fire, Peter reading his mind and soul, eyes boring into every secret, every memory, every part of himself. Stained-glass windows flashing and glowing into shock as he watched everything Felix had ever felt, ever dreamed, ever hoped.

Felix's memories were not particularly interesting, and Peter was annoyed that he remembered much of his time before Neverland. It seemed to hold no particular special event or emotion, and yet Felix was begging for it not to be violated. Oh and how Peter **soothed**. *He* was the one who saved Felix. ***He*** was the one who made him happy. ***He*** was the one who gave him power. ***He*** was the one who gave him power. ***He*** was-

"Everything."

Wait what?

"*He's everything to me. I know the rules; I know what happens when you break those rules. He doesn't forgive, he doesn't love. But I do, I know love. As well as I know hate and anger and manipulation and lies and power.*"

Felix voice echoed as Peter watched the scene play in his eyes, golden light splintering into starlight, ember fire snaking shadows of trees as the memory played out. Felix was speaking to himself, hood up, dagger twirling nervously in his nimble fingers.

"*I'm loyal not out of fear. I do not fear, not because I'm brave. It's because he's my saviour, teacher, king, leader, and I love him. Love him when he whips Neverland in lightning storm and when swords rise over him. Love him when he carves out torture and when he wreaks havoc in anger and fury. Love him when he's selfish and cruel but kind, and I am messed up in the head alright.*"

Memory Felix takes a shuddering breath before the dagger gently strokes a thin line across the nook of his arm. Blood welling up, black in the light as memory Felix watches, eyes turning steely.

"*And he must never find out.*"

One.

The memory clears, and yet the next one comes just as quickly, this time, with memory Felix nursing the slash across his face, and memory Peter enters.

"*You alright?*"

Never better, his voice echoes but memory Felix doesn't speak. Instead, he shrugs, shying away from any touch, and memory Peter strides over to the hammock, eyes ablaze as he yanks memory Felix's hair backwards to look at the slash.

"*You'll live.*" *Memory Peter shoves him backwards, lip curling as he stares down at memory Felix sprawled in the hammock, "I should have known that look on your face meant you were in trouble.*"

"*Peter Pan never fails.*" *The words slip out of memory Felix's lips easily and memory Peter pulls back in surprised before sneering, smirking as he leaves without a word.*

Peter doesn't know how memory Peter missed the look of utter devotion and desperation written across memory Felix's face.

"*I love you.*" *Memory Felix whispers as his fingers brush over the almost healed cut, before the dagger is out again, slashing at the nook of his arm. It bleeds like a dying rose before it heals, pink and shiny new skin. Memory Felix bites his lips in agony.*

Two.

Peter doesn't know how memory Peter misses the way Felix shrugs away from his touch, eyes boring holes into him. Needy, desperate and yet removing himself further and further.

"*Not coming to the bonfire? You'll miss the show!*" *Memory Peter materialises in front of memory Felix, leaning against the tree, smirking at his second in command.*

"*Fabtoi.*"

"*From what?*" *Memory Peter questions, eyes glinting dangerously, "You think anyone can get past my magic?*"

Memory Felix doesn't reply, looking away. He knows better than to answer that question.

"*Bonfire Felix.*"

. .

"*That's not a request.*" *Memory Peter growls, and memory Felix flinches, eyes darting to the ground as he pulls his cloak around him and gives a quick nod. Pleased, memory Peter strokes the feather in his hair, lips curving into a catlike grin before he whispers, breath hot against memory Felix's ear.*

"*I'll know if you hide.*"

When he disappears, memory Felix doesn't bother saying the three words. The dagger is out again and he shakily presses it to the nook of his arm, body shaking from the close proximity before.

Three.

With a gasp, Peter pulls out from it because he can't breathe. Can't breathe through that strange overwhelming feeling in his chest that feels constricting yet liberating. His gaze falls on Felix, shaking, and bone over his chest and the other fisted in his mouth, silent and unyielding. It's not magic, nor is it a spell as his body moves on its own, yanking Felix up to his feet and slamming him against the well. Felix is tall, but his legs doesn't have strength as he collapses, tear tracks all over his face as he looks up at Peter. There's something sinful, almost lewd at the way Felix is looking at him, ash blonde hair mussed up, cheeks smudged with dirt, feather tucked behind his ear. But it was his eyes, watering, needy, an angel waiting to be consumed, that had Peter diving forward.

Felix's body shook in the way by which the slammed him against the well. Its his hurt, he broke it and yet only were his legs unable to stand on their own, but his eyes could not stop filling up with tears as he stared at Pan in Henry's body. How could he have such a hold, such strength over him, he did not know. But when Henry's, Pan's lips came crashing down on his he felt right back, willingly tilting his head and allowing himself to be ravaged. It was sinful, messy, domineering. A skill that no child would know, and it only further confirmed that it was Pan kissing him, as he raked his tongue over Felix's, his left hand over Felix's throat.

"Pan-"

"No."

"... Peter..?" Felix whispered hesitatingly, looking up, lips bitten raw, hair raked through. Peter gives a faint nod as he closes his eyes, pressing his lips to Felix's throat, running open mouthed kisses over the other boy's face. Finally, he presses a kiss to Felix's forehead before pulling back, lips brushing his second in command's, looking once more at him.

"I'm sorry Felix."

Felix blinked.

"Don't apo-!" Felix never completes his sentence, eyes falling shut as his face spasms in agony before his whole body slumps over Pan. Peter doesn't move as his right hand's fingers dust the final remains of Felix's heart into the well. Silently, Peter brings his right hand to cup the back of Felix's head, eyes for some unknown reason welling up with tears as he rocked the body of the dead boy in front of him, pressing a chaste kiss to the blonde hair. Punishment to replay that one face and one reaction every night for the rest of his existence.

He had done it.

Yet it felt like he had lost everything that mattered.

All that grace, all that body

All that face makes me want to party

He's my sun, he makes me shine like diamonds

Will you still love me when I'm no longer young and beautiful

Will you still love me when I got nothing but my aching soul

I know you will, I know you will

I know that you will...

"You are not following me to the world of the living."

"So what are we? Going to have another father son fight where we both end up losing again since we can't possibly die together twice?" Peter snapped, looking at Rumpelstiltskin in annoyance.

"Stop running away. We all know what your unfinished business is about."

"Oh really?" Peter snorted, pausing as Rumpelstiltskin glanced at his quivering hands that were balled into fists. He glared, clenching his jaw as he spread his palms open, trying to quell the shaking.

"Don't haunt me. This is for your own good, father." Rumpelstiltskin bites the words out, sarcasm dripping from his tongue as he walks out of the shop. Peter scowls, about to take a step forward to follow his dear beloved son when a familiar voice spoke.

"Peter..?"

No. It couldn't be. Peter looked down at his hands, the way they trembled as that familiar voice washed over him like honey. Slowing down, Peter turned on his heel, eyes downcast before lifting his head to look up at the doorway, at the boy who haunted him day and night. Even in purgatory itself where he couldn't run, and the darkness swallowed him whole he could not escape the pain of his sins. Felix, beautiful Felix with his golden hair and soft eyes standing tall and proud before him; nothing like the begging broken boy Peter had last seen. It was disconcerting, and Peter felt himself hesitate, biting back words as he gazed silently at his second in command.

Felix remembered the way kisse tasted, the way it felt, domineering and possessive. It spoke volumes to him, even though that kiss had been ripped from his lips by the hand of his dear friend Henry's body. And now Peter was truly in front of him, brown chocolate curls, pale skin and sinful dark eyes that were guarded behind high walls. Felix had fantasised and wondered about this, for years, imagined every possible scenario or humiliation he could have inflicted on Pan. A kiss had never been on the list. Felix swallowed, licking his lips, feeling all too alive even though he knew quite clearly that he is dead; because where do you go from here?

. . .

"I thought Peter Pan never failed."

Peter's eyes widen as Felix speaks, voice delicate, tinkle low and not quite meeting his gaze even though he's a good two heads or so taller. It's fragile, borderline shy and Peter can't help the way it tugs at the corner of his lips into a small grin which quickly fades into a thin line.

"What do you want Felix?"

"I don't, I just—"

"Just what?" Peter snaps, voice flat as his eyes burn into Felix's; the boy shrinking back, shoulders visibly trembling like a leaf in the wind. It's frustrating, Peter thinks desperately, wanting to devour Felix and yet needing the boy to be the one to come to him. Was it a weakness? Or was it just purely selfish, just like before when he crushed his heart?

"You, you kissed me..." Felix trailed off, looking like a hesitant child as he looked at Pan, biting his bottom lip in anxiety. He had expected more, something else. Even though Pan had crushed his heart, he was still stuck here in purgatory, and if his son was right, Pan was staying because of him. But how could he communicate anything to someone so cold, so distant?

Felix could feel his heart trembling as the question floored him, unable to come up with a solution to make his King understand or feel. That the was ***forgiven***. *That Felix* ***needed*** *him. That Felix was loyal and good and* ***needed his touch like lungs needed air to breathe***. Unsure, standing on treacherous ground, Felix did the only thing he could think, anything worth fighting for. Pan was standing from across him, eyes burning into him, arms crossed, mouth brushing against Pan's cheek before he curled a press a desperate kiss to his lips. Lips hesitant, he all but gave a chaste kiss to Pan's lips before his voice came out soft and weak, helpless like a kitten as he whispered one word.

"Please..."

Peter shuddered, assaulted by the warmth of another body as well as the scent of his second in command. The forest, soil, keepsakes of Neverland. Peter stiffened slightly as he felt Felix's lips brush against his, the boy leaning into him, and the most warm breathless voice whispered into his ear, assaulting his senses and setting his nerves on fire. Eyes flashing, Peter felt something snap in him, desire churning as Felix looked up, lips slightly parted, eyes unfathomable and needy. With a feral snarl, Peter savagely yanked Felix's head back, tangling the boy's head back as he growled right into his ear, vision seething red.

"*I* ***killed*** you, and yet you come to me like a cat in heat? I thought Neverland boys never became stupid." Peter hisses, face inches from Felix's as he gave a harsh tug to the other's head. Felix's eyes watered as he felt shame and humiliation wash over him. But this was better than silence from Pan; he would take torture and degradation over losing his King's very touch.

"***Answer me Felix***." Peter ground out, unyielding rage washing over him at how utterly stupid his second in command was. Kissing him, *touching* him, as though nothing had happened. A moth flying straight into a candle light.

"I-yes." Felix whispered, cheeks aflame as his knees buckled obediently and he sank onto his knees. His tall frame folded neatly against the backdrop of shelves and antiques as he looked up, Pan's eyes glinting with rage, eyes watering and face flushing, answering, "I-I come like I'm a cat in h-heat."

Those lewd, filthy words coming out from his angelic second in command sent heat spiralling in Peter. All those centuries of him not noticing the growing tension, the string pulling taut as time passed through his fingers now snapped. Anger mixed with desire was never a good combination, but Peter could not hold himself back. There was a moment he could have stopped, he was still stuck here in purgatory, and if his son was right, Pan was staying because of him. But how could he communicate anything to someone so cold, so distant?

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"I didn't say you could kneel." Peter snarls and Felix whimpers, scrambling to his feet in an attempt to listen to his King. He had never seen Pan this furious, his face a pale translucent hue, his eyes burning with fury. Felix's lip curled in disgust, trapping him there. Felix let's out a choked cry as his King's knee presses against his tenting pants, face turning red in embarrassment as Pan raises a mocking eyebrow at him.

"What is this? It seems like my kitten wants to play." Peter purrs, voice velvety as he adds pressure onto Felix's tenting pants, delighting in the other's reaction. Felix dropped, desperately trying to hide the bulge in his pants, but Peter's knee was unyielding, and the most warm breathless voice whispered into his ear, assaulting his senses and setting his nerves on fire. Eyes flashing, Peter felt something snap in him, desire churning as Felix looked up, lips slightly parted, eyes unfathomable and needy. With a feral snarl, Peter savagely yanked Felix's head back, tangling the boy's head back as he growled right into his ear, vision seething red.

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"P-Pan-"

"Peter." His King growls warningly and all Felix can do is allow a sound of acquiesce pass his lips before they're attacked by a warm violent mouth. Peter kissed him like he wanted to mark him and brand him. Burn property insignias onto Felix with the use of his lips. Tugging, pulling, nipping, Peter sucked hard, teeth rubbing lips raw, tongue sliding possessively into Felix's mouth and dominance which the other gladly gives. Peter pulls back with a pleased hum, Felix gasping softly into his ear as Peter's lips start a course, mapping scars and birth marks over collar bones and skin. Open mouth kisses and a velvet tongue swirling patterns over his skin, Felix moaned, soft and plant against the counter, jerking as he felt Peter's thumb swipe over his sensitive nipple.

"Take off your shirt."

Felix doesn't need to be told twice as he yanks the affronting clothing of his chest, scrambling to listen to orders that has Peter smirking with delight. In seconds, he's pushed back against the counter and Felix turns a beautiful pink as Peter's mouth covers his bud, mouth hot and wet, sobbing softly.

"P-P-Peter!"

Tell me what you want kitten. You've got to ***say it***." Peter whispers huskily, and Felix shakes his head, hanging onto the last bit of pride he still had as Peter's second in command. He wouldn't be used like this, like a pet, like-

"I'm not going to be a good lover if you don't tell me what you want Felix." Peter murmurs, yanking the other forward by the belt loops in his pants, hand palming over the growing bulge in them. Those words are all Felix needs as he bucks up against Peter, looking at him through his lashes, eyes watering with need.

"I want to b-blow y-you."

"That's all? Are you sure kitten?" Peter questions, raising an eyebrow and rolling his hips against Felix, the other crying out softly, knuckles white as he grabbed the counter tightly. The friction was delicious and Felix shook his head without hesitation, words leaving his mouth of his own accord as he blabbers.

"I-fuck me! Please, *p-please* I ***want***."

"Put that lovely mouth of yours to good use first kitten." Peter finally interrupts, body burning like a wildfire as his hands move to unbuckle his belt.

But Felix is faster, falling onto his knees with practised ease, fingers flying across Peter's belt which he flings aside before pulling the zipper down. He tugs Peter's underwear down and leaves his second hand of his thrust because Peter was beautiful. Dark red, leaking pre-cum and completely hard, Felix hesitatingly gives it a soft lick, happy to hear his King's groan of pleasure. More confident now, Felix drags his tongue over the angry vein, giving the head more kittlish licks before without warning, he went down, swallowing the length in one fluid motion. Felix ignores the pleasurable heat engulfing his lower extremities, instead focusing on the task at hand, Felix's soft lower bare skin, the warmth and heat of it all building up in intensity.

"I haven't had much as kissed you and you're already half hard." Peter breathed out, chuckling softly as Felix looked away, squirming at the applied pressure. Finally, Peter removed his knee and Felix froze, unmoving as Pan's right hand comes out from under his shirt to cup his face, the other inching closer to his chest.

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"W-was it not good?" Felix asks, eyes widening in momentary shock before he lets out a gasp of surprise, Peter manhandling him to turn around.

"It was brilliant, now bend over the table love." Peter whispers huskily, eyes darting to the reflection of Felix's face, cheeks flushed, eyes glazed, mouth slightly swollen, and Peter's hands unzip his pants, yanking them down to his knees. He doesn't get to say anything, his voice lost as Peter's left hand deftly pulls at his cock, thumb swiping over the slit that's leaking pre-cum. Whimpering for more friction, Felix is so focused on Peter's left hand that he doesn't even notice Peter's right hand until his one finger is knuckle deep in his ass.

"Ah!" Felix gasps, unfamiliar with the intrusion and immediately clenching around the finger, back stiffening. Peter's other hand tugs at his cock and Felix relaxes, gasping as he clutches at the counter, pleasure and discomfort all rolling through his body in waves. Peter slowly drags his finger out, circling the puckered virgin rim before slowly pushing it back in, the fingerace oil dripping. He keeps Felix's body occupied with pleasure, but Peter's focus is elsewhere as he stares at the muscle fluttering around his finger, pushing in and slowly dragging out.

"P-Peter.. What-"

"You're doing good Felix. You're doing well kitten." Peter croons, capturing debauched Felix's lips with his own as he inserts another finger into the other. Felix whimpers into the kiss, breath stolen by Peter as he clenches around the other's fingers, the burn of the slight stretch surprising him. Humming softly, Peter gently pulled out his fingers before pushing them back in, scissoring his fingers. Felix tensed as the burn came again, shaking his head violently.

"H-Hurts.."

"Does it?" Peter flashes Felix a grin, eyes dark with lust as he twists his fingers, digging into Felix's sweet spot. The result is instantaneous. Felix dropping onto the counter, biting his lip ending it with a drawn out moan, ass in the air. Left hand now on Felix's hips, Peter's other hand in his arms, more brushing against the slowly loosening hole before diving back in with deadly intent. There he abused Felix's prostate, groaning against Felix's skin as the other boy involuntarily clenched around his fingers, mewling out in pleasure. But Peter wasn't done with the pulsating pace and erratic thrusts that his King was close. Quivering with over-stimulation, Felix was working on the pure baser instinct of lust, hand blindly snaking between himself and the counter, eagerly pumping himself. But Peter was having none of that as he grabbed Felix's hands, bending the boy over the counter, his snapping back and forth. Openly sobbing now, cock aching and leaking pre-cum, Felix could only find comfort in rutting against the counter as Peter pounded into him. The constant pressure, the sharp dig in his prostate had Felix seeing stars and screaming Peter's name, the second clenching down on Peter as he came moaning his name, nerves aflame with bliss.

Felix, kitten, ***oh***." Peter groaned, hips stuttering as he came, mind sharpening with the clarity of pleasure as Felix clenched and uncleched around him, milking him for all that he was worth. Groaning softly, Peter released Felix's hands, using his own hands to hold the second's hips in his place as he spilled himself, burying his face in Felix's neck. Finally, when his cock began to soften, Peter pulled out, turning Felix around to face him as he did. Shaking his head at the mess they had made, Peter reeled Felix in for a sloppy kiss, happy with what had happened.

"You were always a good lost boy. A good second in command. Now, you've made yourself a good lover." Peter murmured, smirking as he fingered Felix, the latter spluttering and turning red, twisting away.

"I'm still sensitive!" Felix whimpered, shutting his eyes as he felt Peter's fingers inspect his well fucked ass hole, spreading his cum around the rim, testing the loose muscle that soon had Felix's lower abdomen pooling with heat.

"And I fully intend to fuck you sensitive, love." Peter murmured darkly, chuckling as his thumb now encircled the rim, testing just how tight it still was.

"Love." Felix flushed, looking down shyly as Peter stopped in his ministrations, face becoming impassive as he looked at Felix sifting for words.

"Was that just a casual thing or do you still want me around? If not, I'll just leave you alone-"

"Provided my kitten still wants to follow me after everything I've done." Peter whispers, looking away hesitatingly, licking his lips before continuing, "I've done terrible things. Even more so to him, and I don't know what love is. I'm cruel, manipulative and vindictive; the worst person someone like him could ever be with. But if he's willing to follow me," Peter paused, eyes looking with Felix, "we'd have forever."

That has the second in command smiling, lips curving into a soft grin, blonde hair falling over his eyes like a halo, pale skin starting to bruise. Cupping Peter's face without smoking, Felix pressed a soft butterfly kiss to Peter's nose, eyes sparkling before giving his answer, knowing that it hadn't changed in centuries, knowing that it never would.

I'd follow you forever, my young and beautiful Peter Pan."

My first ever Panlix fiction, and my first ever (not really) smut. Oh good lord this seemed quite bad haha but please, do comment and do a review! \(^O^)/ I kind Felix is rather OOC here but I've never really followed OUAT. I only followed it cause I liked my childhood Peter Pan. I stumbled across Robbie Kay's version, went through several youtube videos and B&M instant love for Felix and Peter Pan, the Neverland husbands. Anyway please leave behind any reviews; they're all welcomed (friend requests are too hehe although my profile is not updated cause author-nim is lazy XD)

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